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already interesting collection they make a valuable addition, and who would feel gratified in exhibiting it to those who take an interest in their country's antiquities.

In Saunders' News-letter of the 25d of October, 1834, they were more fully described as relics of a high antiquity, illustrating at the same time some of the few valuable remains of the genius, manners, and customs of the primitive inhabitants.

"If the aicde in the Brehon laws will admit of being translated, a bodkin, we may infer their use in Ireland about the commencement of the Christian era; for in a code of Sumptuary Laws we find frequent mention made of their use and value."—Vide Walker's Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish, vol. II.

*Sandymount-green.*

#### MORTALITY.

The number of births is larger than that of deaths in the proportion of twenty-four to twenty. Even when epidemics or other extraordinary causes render the number of deaths much larger than usual during the year, the births, in the following year, are inevitably more numerous in proportion. It is thus that the human race rather increases than decreases in number, and that at the same time each period of life contributes its proper proportion to the demands of the grave. Reflecting, then, that the number of our years is written down even before our birth, we ought to be constantly prepared for our death, but never afraid of it. We cannot tell when the day of our death shall be, and that we cannot defer its approach becomes evident. It behoves, therefore, to be prepared for that which may come at less than an instant's warning, and to reconcile our minds to the endurance of that which sooner or later must be endured. Prince and peasant alike are borne to their last rest, and upon prince and peasant alike is the duty incumbent of so living that they may even at an instant's warning be prepared to die; and all should remember, that even if they live to old age, their death is at hand.

#### THE FALSE STMP.

Take the Irish character in whatsoever shade you may, and it still will be found essentially jovial. Fun is their presiding deity; and though that fun often leads to mischief, still it is not the less the object of their worship. Look at their christenings—do they not usher in the morning of life with as much merriment and rejoicing, as if troubles were not in the world, and grief were merely a phantasma of the brain? Look at the central period, as we shall denominate their marriages—where will you see such a scene of festivity? Shouting, dancing, singing, drinking, and, "av coorse," fighting, form a part and parcel of this jubilee. And again, look at their wakes—do they not drown grief in whiskey, until it is turned even to joy? Do they not enjoy themselves as well in the chamber of death, as they did in the chamber of feasting, and is not the final closing scene, the giving of clay unto clay, hailed as one delicious epoch, dedicated to fun, and what country squires term "jollification?" Next to this temperament we might place (or, perhaps, before it) their superstitions—the most extraordinary, in idea, of those of any nation in the world, and which, even to those well acquainted with their ways, often are startling and full of novelty. It is needless to say, that "Ould Nick" takes a prominent part in their fancies; and if any one be remarkable for evil actions, it is generally ascribed to his intimacy with the devil. Retribution they imagine sooner or later follows crime; and if punishment or misfortune pursue the guilty, they wisely shake their heads, and say, "Och, masha, we knew id *must* come about!" "The devil has affairs enough ov his own, an' cudn't always stand his frind," or some such sensible observations.

Beneath the shadows of a group of trees, which stood near the borders of an artificial lake on the estate of Sir Edward Law, a slight female form was seen pacing to and fro on a glorious summer evening in the year 18—. All around bore the faint rosy hues of the declining day—the red and golden clouds were reflected in the bosom of the still water, from out which occasionally the roach bounded,

as the moth, his favourite luxury, lightly sailed over its surface—while the leaves of the aspen were even at times at rest; so still and calm, and almost breathless, was the universal repose of nature. Restless were her movements, as if the spirit which swayed them was borne down by the iron hand of misery, and sought in sudden transition a moment's forgetfulness. Her face was but imperfectly seen, from the hood of her cloak being drawn over it; but her feet were small, and her figure (defined as it was) round and graceful. She occasionally would cease in her walk, and listen with the most breathless intensity opposite an opening in the trees, which commanded a view of the country round, and then turn back with hasty gesture of disappointment, as though some one expected ought to have arrived ere then. As twilight began to fade, and the shadows of the shrubs to become indistinct and gloomy, a hasty step was heard ringing on the silence, and she half bounded forward, but then checked herself, and stood in an attitude of disconsolate hopelessness, as a young man, clad in undress uniform, approached. He was handsome and showy, but there was a reckless libertinism in his flushed features, and a cunning licentiousness in his dark eye, that bespoke one not imbued with strict or upright principle.

"An' so, Henry," she said, in a low, broken accent, "you've thought ov comin' at last. Oh, nevir did I suppose you'd change, an' forget all yer promises an' vows! Bud no!—I—I was *then* pure—an'—I'm *now*."—a choking sigh was the sole completion of the sentence.

"Why, my little bird of Paradise, you know I came as fast as I could! But what occurred, darling, that you so particularly required to see me—eh?"

"We must part!" sobbed the poor girl, evidently with great effort.

"Part, Maggy!"

"Yis, Henry!" she replied, more firmly—"part—an' for evir! I've woken from my dhrame, an' I've found that sarapints wor twined round the flowers which I loved. My guilt—my black guilt—is now bared before me. I'm a graceless wretch, for whom prayers id be offered in vain—whose sin no tears, no mournin', no pinance, evir could wash out." Another gush of bitter tears prevented her proceeding.

"Come, come, now, Maggy," this is only the folly of a moment! You know, your Henry is!"

"Base an' desatful!" she bitterly added, as the remembrance of her wrongs swept through her soul, already lacerated by its own feelings of remorse.

"Maggy, do you speak to me thus?"

"Yis, yis," she rapidly and almost hysterically cried—"my heart's feelins won't stay down—its burstin' wid them, an' I must, I will spake! Didn't you come to my happy, an', till then, peaceable home? Didn't you seek for me afore I evir seen you? Didn't you follow me to the fields whinevir I wint out? Fool, fool that I was evir to pass the threshold! Didn't you flatter me an' cajole me, an' sware you loved me, an' nevir would part from me? Didn't you buy me dandy ribbons wid your unlucky goold? Didn't you make me vain an' proud, an' tell me that I should be dhressed in satins, an' silks, an' muslins? An', oh, fool that I was! didn't you make me what I am—miserable an' guilty—unpitied, scoffed at—heart-broken, an' sinful?"

He for a short time appeared somewhat moved, as these accusations, all so true, were vividly and passionately laid before him, and advancing, took her listless hand, which she attempted not to pull from him, and whispered—

"Maggy, I don't mean to blame you when I say, we have both acted imprudently; and I think, as you wish it, that it would be better for us at once to part!"

"Yis, yis, Henry—I know it would! We will!—we will!" she inarticulately muttered, scarcely at the time conscious of what she said.

"You shall never want, while I live, either a comforter or a friend—I will provide for both yourself and mother; and when married—"

"Married!" she shrieked—"who married?"

"Why, my father, Maggy, insists that I marry immediately."

With a violent effort she here disengaged her hand from